

Love's Rude Awakening

When Daisy Grace McGuire had passed her fifteenth birthday she felt that, after the manner of certain golden-haired, azure-eyed heroines, whose marvelous, paper-covered careers she had pursued with breathless interest, the time was drawing near when she must surely "meet her fate."

If Daisy Grace had been a normal, everyday, outdoor girl, she never would have stopped to consider whether or not there was any such thing as "meeting her fate." But for the last two years Daisy Grace had assiduously cultivated the society of "Bonnybel, the Beautiful Mill Hand," "Dimpled Dotty, the Deputy's Darling," and countless other ill-starred damsels, who had been, figuratively speaking, knocked down and sat upon by that same relentless fate.

Therefore she felt that somewhere in the wide, wide world the sad sweetness of "a love more bitter than death" awaited her. She felt that she would dare all "for love's dear sake," and she longed for the day to come when she should "read life's meaning" in her lover's eyes.

But of all the paper-novel heroines beloved by Daisy Grace, Claribel ranked first. She had made Claribel's acquaintance in the first novel she had ever read, and neither Bonnybel nor Dimpled Dotty, nor any



He Neither Spoke Nor Hurried After Her.

of her kind, could dim the luster of "Little Claribel, the Sweetheart of a Noble Lord," or arouse quite the same admiration in the youthful breast of Daisy Grace.

In fact, after weeping over the woes of the unfortunate Claribel, she ceased to be Daisy Grace, became Claribel Marchmont, and went to school consciously smoothing her curls and wondering if it were possible that any of the A class boys could be her "fate."

Before dismissal that night, however, she had reluctantly admitted to herself that the A class boys were not in the least "fateful," and she had consoled herself with the thought that possibly her "life's star" might be waiting for her outside. He did not materialize either that day or the next. Yet Daisy Grace never for a moment doubted his coming, and read and reread Little Claribel until she had a far more comprehensive idea of her idol's moods and tenses than she had of her lessons. But as she grew in knowledge of "white-hot flames of passionate pain," "souls that awaken at love's call," and "strangers today, but lovers tomorrow," her inclination for study declined and at fifteen she was considered the dullest girl in her class.

That fact, however, did not worry Daisy Grace. She had matters of greater importance to consider. Her skirts had been lengthened and she now rolled her hair in a soft knot at

the back of her neck. She was a little girl no longer; Claribel had just passed her fifteenth birthday when she had eloped with the "noble lord." Yes; it was time for Daisy Grace's destiny, too, to be fulfilled.

The first time she saw him he was standing on the corner below the high school waiting for a car. He was very tall and very noble. He had piercing black eyes and a firm, sad mouth. He looked down at Daisy Grace with a grave, penetrating gaze and her foolish little heart pounded like a triphammer, as she gave him one long, shy glance from her blue eyes. Then her lashes dropped in the most approved Claribel manner, for had she not earnestly practiced this preliminary before her mirror against the time of her need? Then she walked slowly on.

To her intense disappointment, he neither spoke nor hurried after her, as Claribel's lord had done; but Daisy comforted herself with the reflection that perhaps he had been "struck dumb at sight of her radiant beauty." She recalled one novel where some such thing had happened.

Two days later she again saw him on the same corner. Daisy Grace passed by in a flutter. This time she gave him a tiny little smile of encouragement. He did not return it, but looked at her so intently that, according to Claribel, "she felt herself being drawn toward him on love's mysterious tide." Beyond that one look, he made no sign, and, somewhat anxious, Daisy Grace hurried home to consult Claribel.

She found that "he could not yet realize the glory of his new-found love," and this explanation did much to comfort her.

It was a week before she saw her idol again. The car had stopped at the corner and he and another man were just boarding it. Daisy Grace was desperate. If he did not know where she lived or anything about her, how could he "pour out his heart to her?" She had ten cents in her little chain purse. Quick as a flash she ran up the car steps after him, and sank into the seat behind him, just as the conductor rang the bell. He had not seen her, and was talking busily to the other man. Daisy Grace strained her ears to hear his beloved voice.

"I tell you, Walters," said her unadorned, "I think the way some mothers bring up their girls is an outrage. Why, some of these little fifteen-year-old girls have no sense of modesty. Twice while I've stood on the corner waiting for a car a forward little miss has deliberately tried to attract my attention. If I thought that my daughter would ever do any such thing, I believe I'd lock her up on bread and water until she came to her senses."

"And you'd be justified," was the answer. "A whole lot of these brazen youngsters ought to be severely disciplined and taught the rudiments of modesty and self-respect. This girl you speak of is a fair example."

But Daisy Grace waited to hear no more. Like a flash she slid out of her seat and reached the door, unseen by the two men.

Choking down her sobs, she rushed down the steps the instant the car stopped and set out with all speed for home.

"Hateful things!" she breathed, the tears chasing each other down her rounded cheeks. "I'm not forward. I am modest. I thought he was my fate. Claribel!"

She stopped short, drew a deep breath, then said with spiteful emphasis: "Claribel makes me sick. I'll go straight home and tear her all up, and I shall never read another novel again as long as I live. Only, I must say, right now, before I destroy Claribel forever, that 'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."—New York Press.

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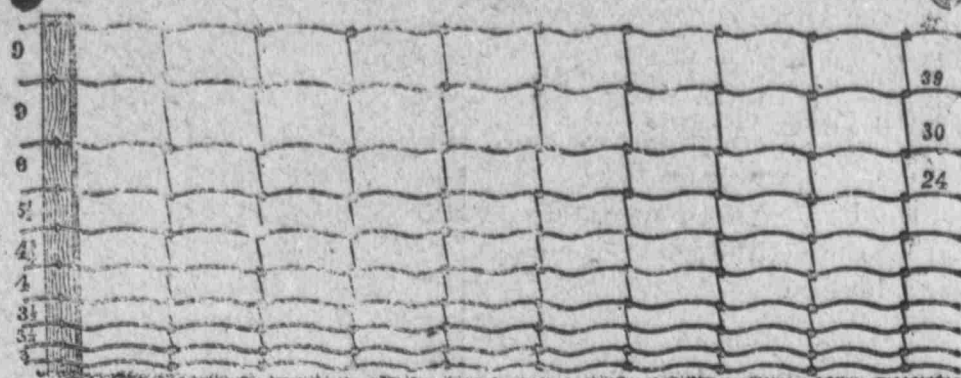
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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Gainesville, Florida.

May 4, 1912.
Notice is hereby given that John L. A. Godwin of Sexton, Florida, who, on July 27, 1910, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 07131, for E½ of NW¼ and E½ of SW¼ Section 2, Township 1 north, Range 13 west, Tallahassee Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described before the County Judge at Vernon, Florida, on the 13th day of June, 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses: Wills A. Taylor, John Pettib, J. W. Pippin, J. W. Taylor, all of Sexton, Florida.

Henry S. Chubb, Register.

Ed fee paid

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Gainesville, Florida.

May 11, 1912.
Notice is hereby given that Richard Davis of Econline, Florida, who, on August 8, 1910, made Homestead Entry Serial No. 07285, for NW¼ Section 24, Township 1 north, Range 13 west, Tallahassee Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the County Judge at Vernon, Florida, on the 20th day of June, 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses: L. C. Carter, William Walls, W. Low, John Barrett, all of Econline, Florida.

Henry S. Chubb, Register.

Ed fee paid

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Gainesville, Florida.

May 4, 1912.
Notice is hereby given that George W. Harrell, of Fountain, Florida, who, on March 13, 1911, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 08224, for E½ of NE¼, NW¼ of NE¼ and NE¼ of NW¼, Section 12, Township 1 north, Range 13 west, Tallahassee Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court at Vernon, Florida, on the 13th day of June, 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank Taylor of Compass Lake, Florida, Will Taylor, Angus McQuagge, Gerold McQuagge, of Fountain, Florida.

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Until further notice

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each Monday evening.

By order of the Lodge.

W. A. McQUAGGE, N. G.

S. B. JUDSON, Secy.